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VOL. XXIII, NO. 4.

ALPENA, MICH., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1893.

WHOLE NO. 1148.

HUMOROUS.

Man wants but little here below
While in this earthly school,
But while the weather's as it is,
He wants that little cool.

—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

"What is a confidence man, papa?" "A man unworthy of confidence." —New York Press.

It won't be long until the coal-dealer's victims find him lying in weight for them once more. —Buffalo Courier.

Ten Broke—"Why do you call that your poker chair?" Miss Dashing—"Because it has so often a pair." —Truth.

The Wife—"You are a poor excuse for a man." The husband—"I must be, my dear, if I married you to get a better half." —Truth.

When the suspicious man sees a balloon sailing away toward the clouds he is justified in thinking there was something up. —Troy Press.

Miss Pedagogue—"Name the principle parts of the verb to marry." Young Miss Wabash—"To marry, married, divorced." —Chicago Record.

The cobbler who posts a sign, "Shoes mended while you wait," casts an involuntary reflection on the prosperity of all his customers. —Somerville Journal.

"And you are poor?" "Yes, but we are happy." "Happy in your poverty?" "Yes, for everybody around us is poorer than ourselves." —New York Press.

First lawyer—Do you know old Miserly is dead? Second lawyer—No; is he? What did he die of? First lawyer—Heart failure. Second lawyer—Ah, trying to find itself, I suppose. —Brooklyn Eagle.

"It beats me," said Meandering Mike, who had struck a summer resort. "What does?" asked Plodding Pete. "Those people that comes hundreds of miles to get a bath." —Boston Journal.

Miss Sweetly—"I bought one of the veils that are so thickly dotted I can scarcely see, and I look like a fright in it, don't I?" Miss Tartly—"Oh, no; it almost conceals your face." —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Fizzleum—I went home full the other night, and had the greatest difficulty in finding the keyhole." Squizzleum—I can always find a dozen when I go home in that condition. —Brooklyn Eagle.

"This baby of yours seems pretty solid," said Hankinson, holding Tompkins' baby up in his arms. "Of course, he is," retorted Tompkins; "did you think he was platted?" —Harper's Bazar.

"There, I knew something was in the wind," said the western farmer, sadly to himself as, through a crack in the cellar wall, he saw his new barn sailing along on the crest of a cyclone. —Boston Courier.

She—"That was such a funny story you told me yesterday about a donkey, Mr. Griggs?" He—"Do you think so?" She—"Yes, indeed. After this, whenever I see a donkey it will remind me of you." —Judge.

Mrs. Boodles—"I am so glad that Sam's going to marry an old maid! Cause widows are so self-sufficient and overbearing, and young girls are kind of grateful, and willing to please." —Harper's Bazar.

Minnie—"I had such a shock last evening. Just as I started to go into the house a great horrid man jumped out from behind a tree and tried to kiss me. What do you think of that?" Mamie—"I think he must have been crazy." —Texas Siftings.

Artist—"Miss Brownie-Brown-Brown, who is to marry a prince, won't let us have her photograph for publication." Editor—"She won't, eh? Tell the foreman to use one of those cuts labeled 'Before Taking.'" —New York Weekly.

"Are you talking to yourself or to the fish?" inquired the man on horseback, reining up. "To the fish," answered the sunburnt man on the log, intently watching his cork. "I am trying to draw them out." And he dropped them a line. —Chicago Tribune.

Dr. Thirdly—"When you go to bed do you say the beautiful hymn about 'If I should die before I wake?'" Little Hypatia (of Boston)—"Oh, no; its verbal inaccuracies grate upon me. If I should die during sleep, how could I wake?" —Truth.

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A Boy of War.

The following is a true story of the late insurrection in Nicaragua, and was related by R. D. Rockwood, formerly in the revenue marine service and who now owns a large coffee plantation in Nicaragua. He thus recounts his experiences:

"I left my home for New York some two weeks before the revolution broke out.

"My business affairs demanded the journey and I knew perfectly well that if I delayed my departure until the revolution broke out, my chances of reaching the coast at all were poor.

"It was early in the morning not many weeks ago when I bade a lot of my neighboring planters goodbye and started on horseback to the southward.

"My plan was to strike in at the head of Lake Nicaragua and then run down to the east coast on some one of the numerous steamers along to be found on Lake Nicaragua.

"The two hundred and fifty miles of my journey were safely accomplished, and I one evening found myself stopping for the night at a little station on the headwaters of the lake.

"To my disappointment I found that not only had the revolution broken out in force, but that every steamer on the lake had been seized by the government forces.

"I was in a quandary. I half decided to go back, but on reflection determined to remain a short time and await developments. By good use of my eyes and ears, particularly my ears, I learned of a small tug secreted near by.

"I determined to possess that tug and I succeeded. I found it was necessary to store her for the trip, and for the purpose brought her round near the station.

"I had almost concluded that I had removed all difficulties, when suddenly there sprang aboard my little craft a young Spanish lad dressed in the uniform of a lieutenant of the Nicaraguan army.

"Close behind him came some thirty big fellows, all splendidly armed and each carrying a couple of well-filled cartridge belts.

"The young Spaniard with a smile demanded the surrender of my craft.

"There was nothing left to do.

"The boat was his.

"At first I fancied I was in the hands of government troops, until close observation apprised me that the boy was a rebel, as were also his men.

"He was extremely anxious to get under way, but it was apparent that no one in the party understood the working of the engines. I concluded I might as well be one of the party as remain behind at the station, and so volunteered my services.

"The youngster was delighted. He directed that we proceed to Corilla.

"At the mention of Corilla I looked at him in amazement. Corilla is the strongest fortress in Nicaragua. It is armed with modern rifled ordnance. It is situated on a high bluff overlooking the river of Lake Nicaragua, and it is capable of delivering a terrific plunging fire on an approaching craft.

"The young Spaniard was about sixteen years of age. He certainly was not over seventeen. He was a handsome chap, with a skin as soft and with eyes as tender as those of a girl.

"He had a lithe, active form, and time and again it puzzled me to believe that he was a boy. I got to know him quite well on that run to Corilla.

"His manner was always the same, the mouth with one continual smile playing around it. His men fairly revered him.

"I quickly made up my mind that either this youngster was a giant in courage and ability or else an idiot.

"The former proved to be the case. As for his men, they were fighters, every one of them.

"I have had opportunity in my life to see a good many soldiers. I had also the honor to be a member of one of our own best national guard regiments, but I have yet to see thirty men with the word business so plainly stamped upon them as was the case with those thirty Nicaraguans.

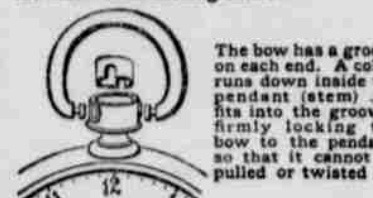
"We reached Corilla in the broad breaking of daylight. There was a little landing place leading out into the river and up to this landing I ran the tug.

"There was not a single hail from

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me up so that I could proceed on my way to the coast. As I left him there was that same smile on his face, and he gave me a warm and hearty good-bye."

Fires on Mt. Hamilton.

Two things impressed upon me the intensity of this conflagration in two different ways, and I do not know that I can do better than to mention them. A steep hillside lay opposite to us some distance beyond where we were working, and a few pine cones rolled down the slope and ignited the brush at the bottom of the hill. In a few seconds a line of fire extended all along the lower portions, and it was evident that the whole hillside must burn. There was at least six acres in the area. Some one took out a watch and said, "Let us see how long it will take to burn it all." In twelve minutes there was not a green leaf left! A man on a fast horse could hardly have kept out of danger.

Statistics of this kind give a sort of arithmetical account of the force of the flames, but I can better express, I think, their terrifying aspect. My young son had an intelligent and affectionate shepherd dog who accompanied him to the scene of the fire (for even the children on the reservation were constantly employed in carrying water and provisions to the men who could not leave their posts.)

The animal looked at the fearful mass of flames and began to show signs of terror. My boy called him and made him go through some of his tricks so as to divert his attention. He was perfectly docile and obedient until the full force of the fire showed itself.

Then he simply yielded to terror or to the fascination of the spectacle and running wildly up the hill towards the flames, disappeared. Nothing has been seen of him since, and I have no doubt that he rushed into the flames as a moth into a candle. When one reflects what it must take to affect an intelligent and obedient animal accustomed to depending upon his master, one obtains, I think, somewhat of a gauge of the awfulness of the spectacle.—Edward S. Holdeh, LL. D., in August Californian.

Master Meadow—"Pop, I wish you'd buy me a bicycle." Farmer Meadow—"Can't afford that, my boy; but never mind, the next time we have any tools to sharpen I'll rig up a saddle so you can turn the grindstone with your feet."—Good News.

Highwayman (to Mr. Levy, second-hand dealer in miscellaneous property.)—Your money or your life.

Mr. Levy.—Mine friend, you cannot expect me to give you my money for nothings, and my life you'd do you no good. But I tell you vot I will do—I will buy dot pistol off you at a fair price!

How We Grow Old.
The thread that binds us to life is most frequently severed ere the meridian of life is reached in the case of persons who neglect obvious means to secure falling strength. Vigor, no less the source of happiness than the condition of long life, can be treated and perpetuated where it does not exist. Thousands who have experienced or are cognizant—including many physicians of eminence—the effect of Rowette's Sore Throat Remedy, bear testimony to its wonderful efficacy as a restorative of strength in feeble constitutions, and debilitated and shattered systems. A steady performance of bodily functions, renewed appetite, fresh and bright eyes, the use of this medicine, and a standard remedy. Use no local ointment, however advertised, or use of it in effect is its place. Demand the genuine, which is an acknowledged remedy for indigestion, malaria, nervousness, constipation, liver and kidney complaints and rheumatism.

For Over Fifty Years
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

It is Strange
That people suffering from Piles will endure them for years or submit to dangerous, painful, cruel and expensive surgical operations, when all the time there is a painless, certain, lasting cure, which gives instant relief and costs but a trifle. It is called the Pyramid Pile Cure and can be found at all drug stores. A druggist will get it for you if you ask him.

A Surgical Operation.
For the cure of Piles is always painful, often dangerous and useless, and invariably expensive; on the other hand there is a new, certain cure, perfectly painless, gives instant relief and permanent cure and costs but a trifle. It is the Pyramid Pile Cure. It is a more certain cure than a surgical operation, without any of the intense pain, expense and danger of an operation. Any druggist will get it for you.

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